



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

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## GEMS OF THOUGHT.

He who loves to read and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

To rejoice in another's prosperity is to give content to your own lot; to mitigate another's grief is to alleviate or dispel your own.

It is in ourselves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners.—*Shakespeare*.

Every man is a miserable sinner in church, but out of church it is unsafe to say much about it—except to a small man.—*Univ.*

If you would find a great many faults, be on the look out; but if you want to find them in unlimited quantities, be on the look in.

That was a suggestive inscription which a New Hampshire physician ordered to be engraved as an epitaph upon his tomb:—"A disciple of no man."

It is not perhaps of so much consequence what we believe as what we do not affect to believe. Belief is not in our power, but truthfulness is.—*Mrs. Jameson*.

We shall never envy the honor which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among those who have given ardor to virtue and confidence to truth.

A single man is, heaven be praised, sufficient to himself; yet were ten men united for a good cause, able to accomplish the ten hundred could not do alone.—*Carlyle*.

Say what any man, and all men, will of the poverty and fallibility of reason, whatever is plainly irrational we are bound to reject, wherever we may meet with it.—*W. C. Tenny*.

The hardest life a man can lead on earth, and the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will and seeking to please himself. He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is also idle who might be better employed.

Persevere in whatever calling you adopt. Your progress may be slow, and your results seemingly meagre; but that is no reason for growing faint-hearted. Remember how the little brook persistently winds its way to the river, to the ocean, and both reach their destination.

I think it is the stupidest thing in life to be associated with people who think just as you do. I can think my own thoughts. I do not want other people to help me think these. I want other people to help me correct my own thinking, and to show me when I am thinking wrong.—*Brook Herford*.

Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith can not possibly be so highly expressed as in that it shall be the last pal to call the judgment of God upon the generations of men; it being foretold that when "Christ cometh" he shall not "find faith on the earth."—*Baron's Essays*.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Musings on a Ferry Boat.

BY GUSTAV F. HOWE.

The bell rings, the gatemaster shouts, "All aboard," and is about to haul in the plank, when a woman comes hurrying down the bridge, and steps aboard at the last minute. She is a large, florid, wheezy individual, whose features express toil, hardship, and a constant battle with rugged life from day to day. On her arm is a large basket, well filled with meat, vegetables, etc., from which we infer that she is just returning from market; and, as she stands and wipes the perspiration from her heated brow, still carrying the heavy basket, and occasionally looking anxiously out of the window as the boat nears the other side of the river, we begin to feel forward and, and are tempted to step forward and say, "Set down your basket, my good woman; no need of holding it now; the boat will carry it safely across, and you can be seated and rest yourself." But we fall to musing instead, and can not but compare the woman with her burden to individuals on the voyage of life, each panting and struggling under a load of care and trouble, worrying about this thing and about that, anxiety pictured upon our faces because we are fearful our pet schemes or plans may not turn out as we fondly anticipate; running to meet trouble half way, unmindful that the higher forces which care for us will also carry our burdens if we but trust them, and, as it were, passive to the conditions in which we find ourselves, instead of which we are looking anxiously forward to the future, hoping (as it often turns out) against hope.

But time is quickly passing, and we are nearing that other shore; and our burdens, through ignorance, are growing heavier each day; disappointments are on every side, our faces lined with care, features grown hardened with the rough battle we are waging; while age comes upon us almost before we are aware of it, and as we pause and look back over busy years strewn with bitter disappointments, we find we have learned many lessons and grown wiser, and we say, "If it were possible to live our lives over again, with the knowledge we now possess, how different the course we would pursue."

We have learned now that all our worrying and fretting and anxiety have availed us nothing. Like the woman on the ferry boat, we have carried heavy burdens which the higher forces were only too willing to accept, but through ignorance we could not see, and with a lack of trust we have tried to do it all ourselves and failed at last, because our ways are not their ways, and the question now arises, For what are we struggling? For that which we must soon give up or leave behind, and which often does more harm than good to those who come after us.

It is surprising when we talk with the average man to find how little he knows of that which most vitally concerns him, and what indifference he manifests when the subject is brought before him, his one object of interest being to gain a competence in the shortest space of time. If you quote to him the market prices, or the rise and fall of stocks, he is all attention, but ask him about his views of the higher life, and he will in all probability look blank, and say he has not thought much about it. If a woman, talk to her of the latest fashion for the coming season and she is interested at once, or if she be a matter-of-fact house wife, she can tell you the cost of every article she buys; but talk to her of the possibilities of the mind, the development of the spirit, and the growth of the soul, and she will stare at you open-mouthed unable to comprehend or take in your meaning; but we are glad to know there are advanced and noble minds in our time who are doing much to educate and develop both man and woman to a higher standard of excellence; to more liberal and broader fields of thought, where they can learn to know themselves, and develop that which lies dormant within. But here we are at the opposite landing, and the big woman with her heavy basket, has stepped ashore and is lost in the crowd, and our musings have abruptly ended.

ONSET, Mass., April 30, 1888.

HENRY BERGH.—This was the philanthropist who devoted his life to preventing

cruelty to animals. The Omaha World has the following bit of pleasantry about him: St. Peter—"What name?" New Spirit—"Henry Bergh." S. P.—"I have heard of you. You devoted your life to the protection of dumb beasts against human beasts?" N. S.—"Yes." S. P.—"And you were the first man to do such a thing in a Christian country?" N. S.—"It is so." S. P.—"This heaven is not a good enough place for you, Henry Bergh; you deserve a better reward than a heavy crown and a twanging harp. Step into the balloon and ascend to the Elysian fields prepared for the gentle, tender-hearted pagans, who never yet voluntarily stepped on an ant-hill."

## Letter from Brooklyn.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE.

While each copy of your gloriously "golden" paper is "full to the brim," giving strong meat and spiritual nourishment for all your readers, I am especially pleased with the paper of April 21st, and have read and re-read the open letter of "Cousin Ruth" to the "Old Sea Captain," as I had attentively read his article in a former GOLDEN GATE. We rejoice that the honest Sea Captain has used his practical common sense to such purpose as to draw from "Cousin Ruth" so lucid and comprehensive an explanation of the re-embodiment theory, which can not fail to convince those seeking for light upon this obscure question, of its truth and reasonableness.

As she has "left one point untouched," fearing "our patient editor will wince in a hesitating manner" over the length of her article, I will "bite" my communication short off, that we may have space in the GOLDEN GATE for other articles in this same line from one who is so felicitous in her expressions of these important themes.

I must again repeat that I find your "Editorial Fragments" to be a weekly sermon; to be a support and restraint to the tired spirit in the conflict of daily life. John Edwards' "Friendly Criticism" of Jesse Shepard is the complete summing up of the whole situation in relation to this whilom medium, and taken in connection with the review of him by Hudson Tuttle in the *Religio* of recent date, we can rest satisfied; and now Jesse may "let himself down easily" into the Catholic Church.

And speaking of churches, I am reminded that T. De Witt Talmage gave his annual sermon on Spiritualism to-day to an immense audience, many of whom were earnest and sincere Spiritualists. Their indignation is so great over the false and unfair representation of the well established truth of spirit return, that it has been proposed to hire a hall, and call a mass meeting in order to present the claims of our spiritual philosophy to an impartial community, while others think we must have a refutation of this most unjust and scandalous attack upon Spiritualists in our daily papers. But I think we shall survive this trade, as we have many previous ones. When it is time for a revival in the spiritual ranks, Talmage is permitted by the higher powers to give vent to his innate vituperative instincts against a truth, which, if proven, will take him from his occupation and his fat income. His earnestness of manner indicates that both are in danger.

No doubt the cause of Spiritualism will prosper from some time to come by this boom from Talmage, and all the greater and lesser lights in the galaxy of suns and stars included amongst our talented speakers will be aroused by this bitter assault on truth to reply to his many false statements, in such a way and manner as will incite many good people in the church, and outside of it, to examine more into the claims of our spiritual philosophy, and thus be blest in discovering where the true gospel may be found; thus, also, the wrath of man (and ministers) is made to serve a just cause, and we can continue to pray that a more beneficent spirit may influence poor Bro. Talmage, who has himself been a victim of falsehoods that would have crushed greater men than he. But he says he has harnessed his misfortunes to his best efforts and thereby attained success. Fraternally,

EMILY B. RUGGLES.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 29, 1888.

## A Review of Modern Spiritualism.

An Anniversary Address Delivered Before the Ladies' Aid Society, of Boston, Mass.

BY CHARLES DABNER.

[Reported for the Golden Gate.]

Forty years ago was not the commencement of spirit intercourse. That has traveled side by side with human history along the ages. But forty years ago came the first successful attempt of the world of immortals to so bridge the chasm that a multitude of spirits might pass to and fro.

Not just a ghost haunted mansion; not sights and sounds startling some orthodox family; not frightened women and children declaring they had seen the invisible. But forty years ago spirit intelligence burst its barrier, and at last found the world of mortals ready to listen to the wondrous tale.

Give to a king-cursed nation the thought of liberty, and some day it flowers into a revolution and a republic. Give to a world the knowledge that it is immortal in its own right, and presently the old religion dies and the priest goes hungry. So the knowledge of spirit return has been spreading as the people have listened and thought, till pulpits are silent to the old horror of a burning hell, and none now, save a few fanatics and creed-bound revivalists, sing the hymn of the tomb and the worm to frighten sinners into repentance.

I will leave our Spiritualist orators to chant their anthems to-day; to fight once again the old battle, and wave the flag of victory; for this fortieth anniversary brings with it a lesson for us and for me that demands our earnest attention. Suddenly awake humanity to thought on any subject once deemed sacred to the few, and you arouse an independence that may sweep as a cyclone, destroying both old and new, bad and good, in one blast of the tempest. And amidst the fierce tumult of the new thought, with the old dying, and the young yet in its swaddling clothes, no wonder if belief and unbelief run riot; till many an enthusiast acts more like a wild school-boy than a philosopher calmly seeking truth.

We must not forget that "spirit return" has yet many a foe amongst those who loudly proclaim themselves as "shrewdly" of the shrewdness of "the wisest of the wise." Such are watching the vagaries of its believers, counting them as evidences of folly and superstition. But in the ranks of Modern Spiritualism have been numbers growing very impatient because it has not been a fashionable belief—because there is no money in it—or because they could not have their own way all the time. Some have honestly enough rebelled at the constant repetition of the old story from our platforms. So from one season to another many a society dwindles; and the whilom enthusiast drops out of sight.

Men and women who have listened to the rap, and hunted the test, never caring for the mighty truths lying back of such experiences, are wild for a little more of the sensational. Some have rushed into what they call "metaphysics," or "mind cure," or "Christian science," which offers them another experience of asserted facts, but denies or rejects "spirit intercourse." Others have sought a little new excitement in "theosophy," which professes to teach how to work wonders, but at the same time declares that every spirit who returns is not a spirit at all, but only a "shell." This "shell" has, they tell us, a brief life in the old form, presently dying into nothingness; whilst the real spirit is asleep, or getting ready to become a baby once more, and begin life all over again.

And yet another class turns "spirit intercourse" into a devilish sensualism that demands darkness and secrecy, lest an aroused nation sweep such medium and such sitters into the hell where they truly belong.

The time has come for Modern Spiritualism to give good reason for its existence. If it be a fact of nature, then, like every other fact, it stands to-day subject to careful examination to determine what there is of good to be welcomed, and what of ill to be avoided.

The good has been shouted from ten

thousand rostrums; and a million pens have told of joyful greetings with "loved ones gone before." Breaking hearts have found comfort as mother and child, husband and wife, maiden and lover, have realized that love and life are twin sisters. Every word is true. Not one sob would I awake to new life. Not one tear should flow again at my command. But, nevertheless, Modern Spiritualism must do vastly more than this before it wins its spurs and stands as a blessing to mankind.

Motherly affection is beautiful; but the tiger has it, too, and will die for her cubs. Is the world the better for a tiger's love? The spider will cling to her young till death, but is a spider still, and devours her own husband. Is the world more moral for the spider's life? These sensations and emotions that we have counted as beautiful all lean to the preservation of race. But they belong to the animal of life; are founded in the passions, and have no relations to morals. Herein comes the text of my address to you to-day.

The discovery of gravitation came as a revelation of the universal law of matter, and as a blessing or a curse, as we may use our knowledge. Modern Spiritualism comes as a revelation of the universal law of life, and it, too, may become either a curse or a blessing as we use it.

Morality means our conduct toward each other. The law of matter has nothing to do with it. But the law of life in its very essence deals with morals. So if our conduct toward our fellow men grow better in consequence of our belief in Modern Spiritualism, we may count such belief as a blessing to humanity. But if we use our belief and knowledge so that it injures our fellows, by so much may belief become a curse. It is our use of a fact of Nature that is to be judged. To put the fact itself on trial before Harvard professors, pharisees of theology, or Scepter Commissioners, is absurd nonsense.

So I assert that unless Modern Spiritualism brings with it a moral blessing to mankind, and can show a higher manhood and womanhood as its result, it has no claim to attention from any earnest whole-souled humanity. For it is not just a science for use by civilization as light, or heat, or power; but a revelation of truth that the world has done without in the past, and can do without to-day, if humanity can not yet put it to any good service. So morality is the one all important point, that is to-day our conduct toward each other. And I want to begin by showing you that morality and religion have nothing to do with each other. And I shall do this because we have to-day many Spiritualists who want to turn Modern Spiritualism into a new religion, or else to shackle it to the old Christianity.

Religion is simply worship of some being who can do you good or harm if he so choose. The savage worships the stick and the stone. He has plenty of religion, but no morals. Tribes in New Mexico still worship snakes, and pray them to be good. Nothing moral here. The Indian's worship of his great spirit, and his belief in happy hunting grounds, left him just as ready to remove your scalp, or leap with pleasure as you writhed with agony under his torture. Surely that kind of religion is without morality. The ancient Mexicans had gorgeous ceremonies and human sacrifices by the thousands. A religion it was true, but where was the morality? The Greeks and Romans worshipped many gods in temples whose architects have never been surpassed. But their gods were big men and women who fought against each other as we fight, and quarreled for supremacy. Such worship never included love. And I don't remember any account of these gods and goddesses pretending to love mortals except in a few instances that don't count on the moral side of history. So their religion held them together, like a battle flag to a regiment, which makes a man a better soldier, but may leave him a moral monster. But you tell me these were pagan religions. Very well. Let us turn back to the religion of Jehovah, and see if it involved anything we call morals.

Is a god who commits murder and steals a moral God? The apostle says Jehovah loved Jacob and hated Esau before the twins were born; so poor Jacob was inspired to steal the birthright blessing. Jehovah murdered a whole world

(Continued on Third Page.)



(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Crispus, the Son of the Great Constantine.

BY HUDSON TUTTLE.

(The historical details of this story rest on the authority of Zosimus, Ammianus, Codinus, Sozomen, and the early church writers, the latter by many a gloss and fiction vainly attempting to varnish the tale of unparalleled crime. By essaying to make a saint out of the Dacian savage, they departed widely from historical truth.)

It is sixteen hundred and forty-three years since the incidents we are to relate occurred. The proud empire then stretching from the Atlantic indefinitely beyond the Euphrates, and from the burning deserts of Ethiopia, northward, until lost in the fastnesses of Scythian steppes and forest, has ceased to exist. The splendid achievements of art, the lofty column, the colossal temple, the haughty rampart of Cyclopean blocks, have crumbled beneath the beating wing of centuries, and only moss-grown ruins remain.

The very races of men, like tidal waves of the sea, have vanished, and others have taken their places. The effeminate nations of the Empire have been crushed beneath an avalanche of northern savages, whom they despised as little better than brutes. The hairy German, who then drank his despicable beer in the impenetrable forests of the North, from the skulls of his slain enemy, has since compelled the degenerate children of patricians to give him as tribute the choicest product of the Italian vineyards.

Amid all this vicissitude, there is the never-changing development of great deeds—whether of nobleness or wickedness—which exert their influence on mankind, even after the nations to whom they belonged have perished. They never die.

We pass across these sixteen centuries, and pause at Pola, a military fortress, frowning down over the blue Adriatic Sea. It is an impregnable work of military art. Huge blocks of stone are joined together with strongest cement, and iron bolts lead into place fasten the immovable joints. The battering ram would rebound harmless from its sides, and no scaling ladder could reach from the deep moat to the top of its lofty walls. There are no embrasures for cannon, as yet unknown, but from the top of the wall the head of the battista and catapult appear, engines for casting huge stones on the besiegers. A wide moat filled with water surrounds the walls, passed only by a narrow bridge. The gateway is narrow, and guarded on either side by towers and serried ranks of soldiers. The gate is of iron and drawn up for admittance. We will enter the fortress and pass the lines of soldiers. Rough savages are they, hairy Gauls of gigantic stature, who delight in the work of death; dark Iberians, who know no occupation but war; athletic Thracians,—almost as many nationalities are represented as there are individuals. They are men whom a despot can trust, who know no will but their commander's, no duty but obedience.

We pass the soldiers, our footsteps resounding on the pavement of stone, and enter a series of long galleries, seemingly hollowed out of solid rock. We go down a long flight of steps, and along another gallery. We must here observe the passage by the torch of our attendant. It is cold; it is damp. The sun never penetrates these recesses. The mould of a century encrusts the walls. It is a grave. It is a living grave—a deep mine dug out by the art of man, to serve the purpose of his diabolic hate, lust and ambition.

Hark! a voice out of the earth! Ah, in this deep there is a lower deep. This is not grave enough. A man buried here might be found. He might gnaw through these blocks of stone, or wrench them from their place and escape. He might at least, by a chance reflection, catch a glimpse of light, or get a little comfort from the distant murmur of human life.

Tread gently; there is a trap door here. There is a huge staple, ring, and chain. Cast off the chain; three or four strong men can lift the stone slab which forms this door. There is revealed a round hole, just large enough for a man to enter. Some feet below is a stone floor, thick walls circling around, with a crevice here and there at the top for air to enter, if it chose to enter such a place.

What is revealed? A jug! A great jug, formed of stone, cemented at the joints, cemented at the bottom, cemented at the top. There is another huge ring in the floor of the jug. A great chain extends from it to the leg of a wild animal. No! lower your torch; look sharp, and wait until your eyes get accustomed to the glare of light, and shadows of darkness. Have a care, or you will faint if you breathe the foul and pestilent air which steams up from the pit.

No! it is not an animal; it is a man! A man? A man? Impossible! A man in this pit, down in the third story under ground, with a hundred feet of solid stone over his head? Aye, a man, a half naked man, with that chain fastened to an ankle so tight, that the flesh festers beneath it, and the foot is black and swollen! A man who then he stands up, crouches, to avoid dashing his head against the roof; who, when he lies down, lies on the wet and slimy stone floor; who, when thirsty and hungry, is allowed just enough water and food to make him more hungry and thirsty.

In the name of Jupiter great and good, of what crime is this wretch guilty? What terrible deed has he committed

against gods and men, that he should be consigned to a punishment, while yet living, more dreadful than any poets picture in the dark Tartarus?

Listen, and I will tell you. Be patient, for it is a story of unparalleled atrocity. That man, chained in the slime of this pit, is, or was, Crispus, and his crime the promise of a noble life.

Who was Crispus?

Crispus was the eldest son of the Great Constantine, who, from gratitude, is canonized by the Christian Church, and justly, as having more than any other ruler contributed to the extension of Christianity. He was the presumptive heir to the throne of the Empire, and his education was entrusted to the most eloquent Christian teacher, Licinius. At the early age of seventeen, he was invested with the title of Caesar, and the government of the Gallic provinces.

The invasion of Germanic hordes called his military skill in requisition, and trained him in the arduous school of war. His father seems to have appreciated his virtues and tested valor, for in the last great civil war with Licinius, wherein he contended for the Empire of the East, Constantine divided his power with his son.

During the siege of Byzantium, which closed the memorable struggle, and placed the Great Constantine on the undivided throne, the fortifications of the city had been strengthened, and no hope could be entertained of its capture until the fleet of Licinius had been driven from the Hellespont. The fleet of Constantine was far inferior to that of his rivals, but he, trusting to his destiny, gave the command to Crispus, with orders to force the passage of the sea. The son obeyed the orders, and for two days the shores of Europe and Asia looked down on the narrow sea covered with vessels of war, contesting the supremacy of the Roman world.

The fleet of Crispus, though inferior in number, maintained its ground the first day, and the loss on either side was equal. On the second day, at noon, a strong south wind sprang up in his favor, and dashed his ships against the enemy. Such was his consummate skill and bravery in seizing the advantage thus offered, and in managing his squadron, that one hundred and thirty vessels were destroyed, five thousand men were slain, and the fleet which filled the Hellespont annihilated. Constantine was thus enabled to carry out the siege to a successful issue. His rival, Licinius, after a series of defeats, was reduced to sue for terms of peace, through his wife, who was the sister of Constantine.

The victor made a solemn oath that if Licinius would resign the purple, he might live in peace and affluence, and enjoy the sweets of domestic life. The beautiful Constantia, by means of her tears and her supplications, obtained this pardon from her brother, not because she touched his sympathies—for he seems never to have had any—but because he thought it expedient. Licinius laid the purple at the feet of his conqueror, and was raised from the ground with insulting pity, and admitted to the imperial banquet. Thus the stringent pledge of forgiveness and friendship was given him,—one which a wild Bedouin of the desert will not break. He became a member of the imperial family in fact as well as in name.

The Great Constantine did not pause for the most solemn oaths. He had only appeared merciful to serve his design. Licinius was sent to Thessalonica, where emissaries followed to achieve his assassination. A grateful people united the names of Constantine and Crispus in their songs of victory. They had felt the stern hand of the father, they had much to hope from the engaging manners of the son, and perhaps were too enthusiastic in his praise.

It would be supposed that the Great Constantine, after the miraculous interposition of the cross in his favor, and enlisting as the world's champion of the meek and lowly Nazarene, would have been above the ignoble feeling of jealousy. It was early in his career of empire, while marching against Maxentius, that the Deity, who had chosen him for an instrument whereby to disseminate Christianity, condescended to work a miracle in the heavens. Above the meridian sun, a luminous cross, inscribed with these words, *In Hoc Signo Vinces*—"By this conquer"—appeared to his whole army.

That night Christ himself appeared to him alone, with the same emblem, and told him to inscribe it on his banners. The Great Constantine was converted, and thenceforth became ardent in his attempts to proselyte the pagan world. His conversion did not raise him above the meager feelings that actuate unconverted humanity. He became jealous of the brilliant achievements of his son.

He sought means to remove him, with the appearance of legality, and to preserve the sympathy of the people with himself. While he had medals struck bearing the customary vows for the young Caesar, he by every allurement of wealth and honors, assurances of lofty consideration, invited informers; and concluded the public expression of his wishes with a prayer, invoking the continued blessing of the Supreme Being. With deep design he proposed to make the approaching celebration of the twentieth year of his reign the time for executing his wicked scheme. He removed his Court from Nicomedia to Rome. The Queen city had exerted every effort of her declining strength to make his reception as magnificent as the triumphs of her ancient heroes. On all the pageantry the Great Constantine gazed

with approving smiles, concealing in his heart the most villainous plan of crime and murder.

Crispus attended his father in the gay procession. The people smiled favorably on the young Caesar soon to become their monarch, admiring the majesty of his bearing, the suavity of his address, and presaging a happy reign when he came to the throne. Their approbation inflamed the jealousy of his father beyond measure. He no sooner established himself in his palace than he had his son apprehended and brought before him. He called on the informers, who repeated their artful falsehoods, and then assuming the office of judge, he banished that son to the distant fortress of Pola, on the Adriatic.

There is a tramping of feet along the gallery; a gleam of polished cuirass, and flash of plume from a brazen helmet. The commander of the fortress approaches the aperture.

"Crispus," he calls in the mouth of the pit.

"Aye, Crispus, or what once was Crispus, but dead in his grave now. Who calls?"

"Clodius, the commander of this fortress of Pola."

"Clodius, am I in Pola, and is Pola commanded by an officer known to me in better days?"

"It is so, Crispus, my dearly beloved Caesar."

"I wish speak not thus. There is treason in that name."

"Caesar you are to me, and ever will be. But," he hesitated, "my orders are strict, I am closely watched, and were it known that I was intimate with you even in other days, my life would be forfeit; but I, after long consideration, firmly resolved to see you, and speak with you, even if I could do you no favor. I was forced to this by orders received to-day from the Imperial Court."

"Oh, Clodius, do you bring good news? Does my father repent and pardon? Has he ceased to believe the evil informers? Has he hearkened to the pleadings of my friends? He has, he has! I shall go forth free; I shall again clasp my beloved Helena. Even if the weight of the purple is taken from me, the better will I be content; I will take my wife, and willingly abide with the shepherds of Sarmatia, and trouble my angry father no more."

"Not so," answered Clodius, as down his war-scarred visage the tears flowed fast. "Not so, O Caesar! The officer who bore the dispatch is your secret friend. He says your father's heart, if he have one, is of stone. He regards you with the vindictive hate of a wild beast. He will not rest content without your death."

"My death?"

"Your death! Is life here so preferable to death? One would think you had lost all true magnanimity of soul, and the ancient valor of Rome. A true Roman would stop his breath before entering such a place as this."

"No, no! Life is not so dear; but I have just tasted its sweets; my courage is not ripe. I would clasp my friends' hands and my young wife again. I would die free and not the inglorious death of a felon. But the Fate's decree is irrevocable."

"If your father's hate stopped with you, it would be well; but it does not. It involves all your friends, and even Caesar Lucinius has not escaped the common ruin."

"Lucinius? You strike me dumb! My father sent the secret assassin to work his father's death? Lucinius, whom I defeated, but raised the son to my own rank in the empire? Now he aims his shaft at the son. Where was his mother, the noble Constantia? Would not my father listen to the voice of her grief?"

"She pleaded long and desperately. She sought by every argument to turn aside the vindictiveness of your father, and save her son, the last of the noble race. Every effort was in vain. The assassin did his work, and Constantia, stricken with her great grief, it is said can not survive."

"And my friends?"

"A few escaped in exile. Some to the North, others in Africa, but others by the surprise of the whole movement have felt the instruments of torture or execution."

"Why was not I slain by the friendly hand of the barbarian, or why did I not perish in the hour of victory on the Hellespont? Wretched life to involve all my friends in ruin. Helena! Helena! If I could speak one word to you!"

"Helena, dwells an immortal shade in the nether world of shadows," slowly spoke the sympathizing Clodius.

"Helena dead also? She was so beautiful the day I left her. By what fatality has she met this fate?"

"Your father's executioners best can tell."

"My father's executioners? Oh cruel, cruel father, could you not invent tortures for my limbs sufficient to satisfy your desire for punishment, and spare her dear head with his sunny curls? Me thought your name fell through her red lips like honey when she said in her exquisite accent, 'Constantius!' Dear lips that never spoke a word naught but in your praise. They will speak no more. It is well. We shall soon meet where there are no kings, nor purple mantles to inflict their curse on our happiness."

"Caesar, you think aright. The messenger bears the mandate signed by the Great Constantine, that you suffer death before the next sun after his arrival.

The sentence, as you well know, I can not avert. You are a follower with your father of the new religion. I am still a believer in Jupiter, great and good. The believers in the old faith furnish no examples of crime against nature equal to this, and it strikes me, (your pardon, O Caesar,) that this new faith is not working any good, but the Gods suffer the Emperor, who now represents it, to become a monster of inhumanity, to show this fact to the believers in their ancient usages."

"Clodius, I hope our old belief is true, and that I shall find the immortal shade of Helena awaiting me on the shore of the Stygian river. Then clashing hands we shall ascend the beautiful pathway leading to the Elysian fields, and dream no more the mad dream, mortal man calls life."

"The guards are coming, I must retire. May the immortal gods hear your prayer. Farewell."

Before he could receive a reply, he glided into a dark gallery branching off to the right, and by a long and devious passage came out into the central enclosure.

The guards, six brutal Gauls, were sent on an errand of death. They received the command from Clodius, but he, overcome by the sympathy of his nature, first sought an interview with the Caesar he almost worshipped. Five of those bearded savages stood about. One went down into the den. There was a naked, chained man on one side, a cuirassed warrior on the other. There was a short double-edged sword with a keen point to do the work of death. There was the Great Constantine, Champion of Christianity, to direct the blow. When that one came out, Crispus walked a shade with his beloved Helena in the Elysian fields.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Matter and Mind—Spirit and Soul.

BY G. ALLEN.

According to the materialistic theory, life, intelligence, and mind are the result of the organization of matter. In my opinion, the organization of matter can not create life and intelligence. If matter in its inorganic condition has not life and intelligence, it could not organize and produce an intelligent individual being. Then matter must have life and intelligence, and its organization produces an individual being, possessed of a mind. From the way in which the word mind is used by public speakers and writers, I am puzzled to understand its true meaning. The question arises, Is it the thought or the thinker?

But, to pursue the materialistic theory, when the body dies, the individual being is ended, the life and intelligence are lost or diffused.

It is true that the physical body loses its individuality. It is decomposed, and whatever life and intelligence it possesses are diffused. It belongs to earth, and the earth holds whatever belongs to it in the strong grasp of attraction.

But there is a substance not subject to the law of gravity, that travels with lightning speed, bolts through solid walls, and stops not for iron bars or plates. This substance permeates and controls the physical organism from birth to death, and at death separates and holds its individual existence, and the mind is not lost, but goes with it.

I believe it is held by all Spiritualists that man is triune, consisting of body, spirit, and soul. Then after death it will be spirit and soul. Then where is the mind, or what is it?

In reading spiritual literature, I am mystified in regard to the true meaning of the terms, spirit, mind, and soul. The question arises, are they synonymous terms, or are mind and soul the life and intelligence of the spiritual organism?

I am a materialist, and believe in no life or intelligence outside of matter. In my opinion, spirits are organized and individualized spirit matter, but what mind and soul are I do not know, unless they are attributes of the spiritual organism.

Soquel, March 4, 1888.

HE WAS SAVED.—A burglar who realized that he was near his end, sent out for a clergyman to console him. The good man presently arrived and asked:

"How old are you?"

"Sixty-five."

"And how long have you burglarized?"

"About fifty years."

"And did it ever occur to you before that you were a great sinner?"

"Oh yes; heaps of times, but so long as I was in good health and kept out of the hands of the police, I was willing to take the risk."

"And now it is your desire—to?"

"To go straight to heaven, where thieves do not break through and steal."

"Very well; let us pray."

Moral.—Such things are calculated to discourage a man who has paid penitence for thirty or forty years.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I want to make up a prayer for my own self," said Eliza, as her mother waited for her to repeat her nightly prayer. "You can do so, dear," replied the mother, "whereupon the five-year-old child began: 'O Lord, I have an Aunt Lizzie living up to Concord, and I pray that toun Hattie and I may go up there in huckleberry time. Amen.'"

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## A Review of Modern Spiritualism.

Continued from First Page.

once, drowning men, women and babies like young kittens. But Noah used his first opportunity to get drunk, which resulted, as the church has taught, in God cursing Ham's children, and making it right and proper for American citizens to hold negro slaves, so long as there was money in it.

Jehovah ordered his general, Joshua, to slay men, women and children in Canaan; but on one occasion the young girls were ordered to be divided between the soldiers and the priests. Any morals there? Jehovah loved blood, so how Samuel tears his prisoner, King Agag, in pieces before the altar, and Jephthah sacrificed his own sweet, affectionate daughter that he might not have to break a foolish and wicked vow. But I went on with the horrid history. If any man claims such a religion as moral, let him go live in an asylum, or, which may do as well, let him take a pew in an orthodox church.

You tell me that was not Christianity; but the fatherhood of the old Jehovah was the foundation thought of the new religion which was intended to save souls, not bodies. Jesus and the apostles believed the world was almost at an end. History tells us that the early saints, instead of blessing, crawled into caves to fight the devil. They fasted, said long prayers, and wore their shirts till they rolled off with fire. Can there be anything moral in dirt? For over one thousand years Christianity ruled Europe; but in all those years the vilest wretch, if he only kept friends with the church, could go priest blessed into heaven. "Forgive your enemies," said the priest to a dying warrior in the old story. "I have not an enemy in the world," said the sick man. "How can that be?" exclaimed the astonished priest. "I have killed them all," said the murderer, and died happy.

Such a belief requires vice, ignorance, and superstition for a soil in which to grow; and as man grows more manly, he grows away from his religion. In other words, when men grow moral, religion trembles. The next move of religion is to attach itself to the growing morals. Civilization advances and the church tries to keep step by adding on the morals which had nothing to do with religion; so the priest tries to get hold of the charters and schools, and he begins to preach good behavior, so far as the interest of the church permits.\* Only the other day a great dignitary told his people, from his New York pulpit, "The man who will take his religion from Peter, and will not take his politics from Peter, is no true Christian."

There is a loud, lying outcry to-day. Listen to the falsehood. If you touch the church, the bible, the Sabbath, you crush morals. But all the same the most religious cashier goes to Canada. The religious bookkeeper falsifies the account and forges the check. The railway stocks jobbing thief is an honored church member; and the more religious the nation, "the greater trade rascalities and open debaucheries as in Scotland," says Robert Chambers.

I repeat that religion has no connection with morals, save self-interest, and I cry, "Shame on the Spiritualist who wants to turn Modern Spiritualism into a new religion, or marry it to the old under the name of Christian Spiritualism."

Now, what has all this talk about religion to do with Modern Spiritualism? I will tell you. Modern Spiritualism, in its full length and breadth, is the relation of man with man, and it has not one word about God in its entire compass. It is all morality or immorality, and can not be anything else. Christianity, so far as it reaches into human life, is largely immoral. The whole system of atonement is immoral; everlasting punishment is immoral. Salvation by faith is immoral,—just as immoral as the faggot, the rack, the massacre, the whipping-post, with which Christianity has supported itself whenever it had the power. And just so far as Modern Spiritualism shows any immoral effect upon humanity, or any teachings leading in that direction, I propose to attack it every time, and to call upon you to do the same.

I have said morality is conduct of man with man. But Modern Spiritualism comes to enlarge the idea, so as to take in man immortal too. So let us remember that morality emphatically includes the relations between mortals and spirits. I know there is many a mystery yet attached to spirit intercourse. I know that under certain conditions we get falsehood instead of truth; and that the laws of spirit return are very little understood. We have guilty mediums, and guilty spirits, and guilty investigators in our problem; but all the same, we bring in one or the other as guilty, when the verdict does nothing but proclaim our own ignorance.

The great lesson of these forty years should be that the sinner is the all important influence in spirit intercourse. You, yourself, are the magnet, and you attract to yourself love or lust, wisdom or folly, fraud or honesty. And when a number of you gather together, with various desires or aspirations, you will get a mixture that will tell in favor of the lower, and against the higher, of whatever manifestations may come. There is a beautiful side, and a very unlovely side to spirit intercourse, each bearing on the question of morals. But in reality, the greetings of mortal and spirit are as many-sided as those of acquaintances in earth life. And without a most careful study of the philosophy, we

shall have more unsolved problems than belong to the situation.

We want to note most carefully that there is nothing in the bare fact of "spirit return" to count in the cause of morals. I have seen a father almost overcome with joy at the return of a daughter who had passed from his sight many years before; his very soul seemed shaken to his center. Yet two months after, that millionaire father refused to aid in an effort, that other fathers might meet their daughters too. So his love was of the animal; all of the tiger and spider variety; and his spirit unhelped by his daughter's return. I mention this incident because, with some beautiful exceptions, it is the usual class of emotion experienced by the circle seeker and test hunter of Modern Spiritualism.

I have noticed many who have had a dozen such experiences of spirit return, yet sneaking silently and cautiously into our meetings and circles; and at the same time contributing lavishly to the church that calls such return as "all of the devil." I know there is sometimes good cause to keep away from our circles, as often conducted. I know that many hunger after the social privileges found in the church. But if men and women deny, or even hide, their knowledge of the truth of spirit return, for any reason whatever, they are cowards themselves, and draw around them sneaks of the spirit world, in harmony with their mental level. There is no more morality in such Spiritualism, than in the orthodox religion.

There are others who simply fail to grasp their privileges, because they aim too low. I know some who spend their hours fixing screws, and nets, and curtains, and cunning contrivances to keep the medium from committing fraud. And long are their reports of phenomena obtained under these conditions. But they ignore the fact that the medium takes her conditions so largely from the sitters, that such fraud-proof surroundings may leave her immersed in fraud all the same. The very most they can do is to prevent fraud peeping out in certain directions by their ingenious contrivances.

But if fraud be in the cabinet, it will come out one way, if not another. The artists of the invisible may play "bo-peep" with the medium, and pass her from side to side of their fraud-proof netting, and yet the spirits whom they seek to attract will be deluded by the fraud atmosphere if their circle conditions demand it. They are not going the right way to work. What have they gained by their fraud proof surroundings, if spirits are left free to fool them to their heart's content? They want their father, not a resemblance; their mother, not a spirit mask; their love, not a spirit fraud; but all the time they may have conditions that render it almost impossible for such dear ones to come.

I know of the man in Cincinnati who has thrilled the country by sitting outside the cabinet with the medium in his own parlors, and leaving the spirits to make their own entrance. You may be sure that under those conditions he got results to the level of his own manhood. If those forms wanted a champagne lunch, and could play euchre, that was the level of their own soul, and no fraud-proof cabinet could have altered that result. That is where that Cincinnati man belongs every time. He declares "no philosophy, no lectures," for him. He wants real ghosts, and he gets them on his own level. There are plenty of Dr. Wolfes in the country, and of both sexes too, to whom Modern Spiritualism becomes a curse instead of a blessing. I can honor the seeker for father, mother, brother, sister, husband, wife, child or loved friend. But I can hardly find words to express my contempt and loathing for those who count Modern Spiritualism as a stimulant, which, like alcohol, shall thrill the nerves into passionate excitement.

Under the banner of re-incarnation, that absurd and atrocious teaching of eastern spirits and their western disciples, there are those in our larger cities who hurry to meet their spirit mates, often thus forgetting their duties to the life of to-day. Mental infidelity to husband or wife is not excused because the spirit form calls himself or herself by some great name, and claims to have been a lover in the distant past. The spirit house of assignation is as foul a blot upon the nineteenth century as is the soul-destroying house of ill-fame. We are living for this world, and Modern Spiritualism is for this world, with a power for good or ill that can help to make this world almost a paradise, or turn it into a hell, if you will have it so.

Modern Spiritualism, in its very essence, deals with morals, not religion, and proclaims the gospel of true manhood, as distinct from every other gospel that would lean upon God. But at every step of our road we choose our own companions, for we gather round us those who are in sympathy with our inner life. We learn from experience that myriads of men and women remain earth-bound spirits, because they have lived solely to earth life here. They have lived for what they could grasp and hold, regardless of the happiness of others. They are tied to earth, because they have had no higher aspirations; so it is very easy for them to hold intercourse with us, and repeat, as far as possible, the experience of yesterday. They are easy to reach, because they are just mortals become immortals—nothing more. But the affectionate wife, the loving child, the faithful friend, don't live in such an atmosphere. Unless you can rise to their plane, they may give you occasional greeting and a test or two, but for the rest you will often find yourself deceived, when you try to reach them.

Don't throw the blame on the medium. You, many of you, live in an atmosphere of deception. You are deceiving yourselves as to the value of your surroundings. You live for pleasure, for money, for ambition. You may win all you seek; but you are living in an atmosphere in which no advanced spirit cares to stay. So I now give you warning. Let Modern Spiritualism alone, for it will bring you curse instead of blessing. Chase no medium; hunt no test; seek no phenomena. If such be your life, you live in hell, and hell will surely come to you. Not the pictorial hell, with devils to torture and humanity to suffer; but the real hell, that sets morality at defiance, and seeks his brother that he may put him to selfish use.

Cultivate morality here and now in its inmost essence. I mean wrong no man. Scatter love and blessings as you go. It is not alone this world that will grow bright to you; but, under universal law, those spirits who come to you will be true brothers and sisters. You will bless the medium; you will bless the spirit; and presently you will discover that Modern Spiritualism brings only an extension of your own inner nature. If a man be a thief, it will make him a larger thief. If he be gross, sensual, grasping, hunting for self interest, Modern Spiritualism will make him a larger animal with greater powers.

But if you are gentle, kind, loving, doing your duty to those around you as best you may, your manhood already transcends earth life. It breaks through time, and you find your spirit in loving harmony with those who can wonderfully increase your power to make others happy.

Man has always lived under this law, and had these privileges, when uncursed by religion. Turn back to old Egypt in the long ago, before the priests had gained a power that reduced the people to worshiping machines. Listen to the tone, so different from Greece or Rome, or any Christian prayer that has religion for its base rather than morality.

Here are statements on tombs, or epitaphs, if you choose to call them so, three thousand years before our era was born. "I have venerated my father. I have loved my mother and my brethren. I have done nothing evil against them while on earth. I have protected the poor against the powerful. I have given hospitality to everyone. I have been benevolent and loving. I have cherished my friends, and my hand has been open to him who had nothing. I have loved truth and hated a lie."

Not a single word there about "forgive me, O Lord, for somebody else's sake." Not an immoral thought from beginning to end.

Listen again to a voice from another tomb. "I was a father to the humble, and never a mischief-maker." So this man hated scandal. But he doesn't ask God to keep him from it; he avoids it for himself. The pious Christian exclaims, "Hark from the tombs a doleful sound." See how those old tombs breathe peace, and love, and joy. Here is yet another, probably written by a wife: "He loved his father; he honored his mother; he loved his brethren; and he never went from home in a bad temper." There was a model husband for you, but he is one of the "lost arts." Christianity has failed to re-invent him. Its love is for somebody else, and never home-made—soul to soul.

Only one more. Listen to this: "I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, and shelter to strangers." Not one word there of earning heaven by good works. That man simply lived a life of "morality."

This is the only real object of Modern Spiritualism. It teaches us to let the orthodox God and his religion severally alone, but to love man, work for man, and each strive to leave the world better than he found it. Then it is that the grandeur of Modern Spiritualism begins to appear. To such mortals heaven opens. The bright, pure, and loving, the grand in wisdom, the strong in power, will claim brotherhood with such mortals. Mediums will grow into angel instruments, and circles will lift men heavenwards. The inner life of the mortal shall be aflame with light from spheres where nature and man dwell together in eternal harmony.

And this is the fruit of Modern Spiritualism, when sown in the heart of any man or woman who would fain climb heavenward.

THE DIET OF STRONG MEN.—The Roman soldiers who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onions and watermelon. The Smyrna potter eats only a little fruit and some olives, yet he walks off with his load of one hundred pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite to endurance.—Scientific American.

I CAN NOT consent, as your queen, to take revenue from that which destroys the souls and bodies of my subjects.—[Queen of Madagascar.] The whisky ring finds no favor in an unenlightened country like Madagascar.—New Orleans Picayune.

Beware of the still man; he is getting your size and concealing his own.

## Defense of the Sun Angel Order of Light.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I request permission to say a few words in behalf of the Sun Angel Order of Light, in the way of refutation of some of "A. Y. E.'s" incorrect statements in his letter of the 7th inst. concerning the same. Not that the grand old ship needs me to come to her rescue. Far from it; he would sail on as majestically, over all seas of opposition and misrepresentation, even though I were not in existence.

Yet, having been a member of that Order for nearly two years; having spent six weeks at the home center of the organization; and having received more light, more comfort, more of everything that goes to satisfy the longings of the heart, the aspirations of the soul, from that source, than from all else in the world beside; I feel that it is but right that I should assist in the work of seeing that it is at least fairly represented. It is not my purpose, in this article, to enter into any particular defense of any theories that may be forthcoming from the Order, but simply to point out to "A. Y. E." his mistakes.

But, lest "A. Y. E." or others think me evading my colors, I frankly state here that all I have ever received of the teachings of the Order is to me unmistakable truth—diamonds of the first water. And I will venture the assertion that any person with common sense, and that degree of spiritual unfoldment necessary for one to be able to discern spiritual truths, with the same experience that I have had, will come to the same conclusions at which I have arrived. But be that as it may, I feel constrained to say that I think it unmanly or unwomanly, ungenerous, unwise, unchristian, to ridicule or misrepresent any person or institution; doubly so when one knows nothing of the true character of the institution or persons they ridicule.

And it is evident to me that "A. Y. E." knows nothing of the exalted character of the Order, or the lofty souls who have it in charge, else he never could have found it in his heart to deride them as he has done. As his first letter is not at hand, I shall confine myself to his last, of the 7th inst., in which he starts out with the assumption that Mr. Fox is Eon. That is incorrect. Mr. Fox is no more Eon than "A. Y. E." is Eon. I enjoy a personal acquaintance with Eon, and I know he is still in the flesh.

Next, "A. Y. E." says, "Mr. Fox has a right to inculcate his (Mr. Fox's) doctrines." And so he has; but Mr. Fox (so far as I am informed) is not trying, never did try, to inculcate any doctrines that he called his. He only claims to have done what any capable, whole-souled Spiritualist, as he was, would do, i. e., combat the loveless, soulless, senseless, fast crumbling theology of the past and present. He and his wife learned of the Order, and entered it, finding therein all that any great developed soul can need while in the material side of life. He, having passed to the spirit side, comes back, and confirms to wife and family, brothers and sisters of the Order, the truth of all that they already accepted, in their very souls, as being truth. I think it was last August that he passed over, and a more affectionate father and husband never lived, notwithstanding the perfect knowledge he possessed of his beautiful soul-bridge, awaiting him on the other side. And I wish to say, in this connection, that while Mr. Fox had many times met his soul-bridge, while he was in the material body, Mrs. Fox also had met her soul-mate many times, and still does. And it is this coming in such perfect rapport with the other half of herself, so to speak, that enables her to do the exacting work she does, and at the same time bear her share of the common burdens of life.

While the actual knowledge of the soul-mate relations is uplifting and helpful to the development of our higher natures and medial powers, it in no way lessens our regard for those with whom we may be associated. The result is quite the contrary, where souls are ready to receive their guardians. And, be assured, soul-mates are too wise to step in where their appearance would be conducive of inharmonious (occasioned only by the lack of soul growth). But where souls are ready to receive their guardians, the millennium has come to that home never to depart. Hence, a more harmonious, beautiful family, in all that is lovely and divine on earth, could not be found anywhere than this same Fox family.

Another misrepresentation of "A. Y. E.'s" is in his attempt to construe Mother Saidie's words to mean one thing when she most assuredly means another. In speaking against the theory of re-incarnation she says: "And even the spirit Saidie, quoted in this connection, says that she would convey the idea that not only on planet earth had she robbed herself in materiality, but on other planets." "A. Y. E." goes on to say: "This is very different from re-incarnation. She had robbed herself in materiality, *id est*, she had been reborn several times."

I wish to say to "A. Y. E." that Mother Saidie told me, with her own lips, while I was at the home center, that she had re-incarnated many times until she had become able to control matter, and had become able to navigate the magnetic tides at will; that she, if it were possible to do so, would gladly lay aside her angelic robes, and again don those of earth, if in so doing she could be of more help

to her earth children than by staying where she was; but that she had passed a point where it was possible for her ever again to re-incarnate. Still the could and would materialize for the benefit of her children. I think I have quoted her words *verbatim*, which can be vouched for by several persons who were present when she spoke them.

Further comments on this point I think unnecessary, so I will pass to "A. Y. E.'s" next incorrect statement. He says: "Spiritualists deny the re-incarnation theory, because it is illogical." A most glaring mistake. I have met many Spiritualists who are satisfied that the theory is a correct one, who are not members of the Order either. Then I know of no member of the Order who does not accept the theory as truth; and I know there are many advanced souls whose names are enrolled therein.

His next misrepresentation is in calling the Order "a mystic" Order. I can only say that it is opposite of the truth. It is as far from being a mystic order as the circle room of Dr. Stansbury, of your Coast, is from being a mystic circle. There is neither a mystic or mystery in the Order. It is only exclusive, just as Dr. Stansbury's circle room is exclusive; and for the same reasons, which are well known to any Spiritualists of any experience at all, as to the importance of nice conditions when fine results are to be obtained.

The next eight or ten paragraphs of "A. Y. E.'s" letter are all questions asked in a manner which to me savors more of the derivative than of honest inquiry; therefore I will say to those who may care to know that all "A. Y. E.'s" questions can be answered, and to the satisfaction of great minds, as has already been proven by many. "Eon's Legacy to the Wide, Wide World," advertised in this paper, will, if carefully read, throw much light on what has heretofore been considered unknowable, at least, while in the flesh. But one must be able to read with the understanding before he can be benefited by what he reads; and I am sure there are many on earth to-day that, were the great spiritual teacher of eighteen hundred years ago here, He would say to them as he did to one then, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, ye must be born again," the significance of which I think has heretofore been but slightly understood.

MRS. S. E. WOODRUFF.

HANNIBAL, MO., April 15, 1888.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## Splints.

BY ELLA L. MERRIAM.

The only religion or philosophy that can make the world better or happier, individually or collectively, is one that inspires every desire and motive with true grace, purity, honesty and brotherly love. Not one day in the week, but seven!

Be patient but diligent, wise but humble, brave but gentle, sympathetic but prudent, charitable but discreet, fearless but cautious, firm but merciful, studying to deal honorably, justly and consciously with all men, and the world will be better for our having lived in it.

When disappointments meet us, instead of yielding to their depressing and weakening influences, let us nobly accept them, and wisely utilize them, for the strengthening, purifying, and elevating purpose for which they were intended, and without which we could never rise to exalted heights of spiritual vision and accomplishments.

That which is harmful to self or others on Sunday is harmful on Monday. No vice is worthy of toleration or encouragement upon any day, nor can we afford to neglect or disregard the cultivation of the smallest virtue every day. Each moment of our lives is equally precious to our Creator, and of equal value to ourselves, and should be lived to our highest conception of right.

There is a junction where humanity and divinity meet. To discover this point of union, and to emerge from the excellence of one into the sublimity of the other, is the supreme event of life.

One of the most necessary of earth lessons is to educate the mind to rise above the flats of depression and fleeting ills of life, and dwell evermore in those beautiful realms of spiritual attainments where perpetual sunshine fills every heart. The ladder leading to this heavenly condition is *Spiritual Progression*.

310 Temple street, Los Angeles.

THE LITTLENES OF MAN.—There are 1,400,000,000 people living on the planet which we inhabit. And yet there is now and then a man who wonders what the rest of the world will do when he dies! There are people in "society" who honestly think that all the world closes its eyes when they lie down to sleep. There are men who fear to act according to their own convictions, because perhaps ten persons in a crowd of 1,400,000,000 will laugh at them. Why, if a man could realize every moment what a bustling, busy, fussy, important little atom he is in all this great ant-hill of important, fussy, little atoms, every day he would regard himself less, and think still less of the other molecules in the coral.—Robert J. Burdette in *New York Star*.

\*See a magnificent sermon on this subject by J. Minor Savage, of Boston.



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SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1888.

## EDITORIAL FRAGMENTS.

The Spiritualism that would under-estimate the importance of phenomena in the dissemination of our spiritual gospel, is quite as erratic as that which lives wholly upon phenomena. First the foundation (the phenomena), and then the superstructure (the religion and philosophy). Each is essential to the other.

When you hear anyone styling himself a medium announce that he is the seventh son of a seventh son; that he was born with two tails over his face and a cambric handkerchief; that he can forecast the future and show you the woman you will marry; that he can tell you all you ever knew and a great deal more; and do many other things of a like character, you had better keep away from him; he gives himself away as a first-class humbug and fraud. It is singular how people with such silly pretensions can deceive anyone.

In presenting our spiritual facts and philosophy to the world, we must, to create a lively demand, show that we have a better article of goods than are offered by our neighbors; and this we can not do by crying down their wares, but by establishing the superiority of our own. If our lecturers, writers, and contemporaries of the spiritual press, would but act upon this suggestion—if they would seek for more of the spiritual in their own natures, and strive to excel each other in the exercise of all that conduces to nobility of character and true manliness, what a mighty impetus would it not give to our cause.

We wonder what our Adventist friends would have to say of the little four-year-old boy who, waking from his sleep one night, while his baby sister, lying in a crib near by, surrounded by anxious friends, was passing away, rose up in his bed exclaiming, "O, mamma, mamma, see the pretty ladies! they are taking baby away!" an account of which appeared in last week's GATE. Would they say that the Lord had sent this delusion to that little child?—that there were no "pretty ladies" there?—that the baby had no spirit separate from its body to be taken away, and that what seemed so was the work of Satan?

It is said that no man is wholly sane; that is, each individual has some quirk or hobby not common with the rest. Indeed, a perfectly balanced mind—one equally developed in all directions of its nature—is something that does not exist. It is, perhaps, well that it does not, for therein only is found excellence. This would be a very tame world, a world of monotonous mediocrity, but for the exceptional insanity of some—or rather, the disposition of some to an abnormal development in special directions, which is but another name for insanity. It is only when this tendency becomes violent and hurtful that society finds it necessary to interpose restraints.

We do not agree with Bro. Dawbarn (in his anniversary address, which we publish in this issue of the GOLDEN GATE), that morality is all there is either in Christianity or Spiritualism that is of any value; neither do we believe with him that there can be any religion without morality. An observance of the forms of Christianity or religion, merely, is not religion; neither is the mere acceptance of the facts of Spiritualism religion. There is something more than morality, something broader and deeper—an exercise of the higher spiritual faculties—reverence, aspiration, love, devotion—that constitutes what we term religion. And this is the true gospel of Spiritualism, as it is of Christianity. It is the heart of all systems of religious belief.

All religions have been the outgrowth of the civilization of the age in which they existed; and, if not the best products of their age, it was due to the undeveloped condition of the human race. Thus, to quarrel with the old systems is childish. One might as well find fault with his anthropoid ancestor for being an ape, or with his mother for having red hair. The question should not be, What of the religions of the past? but, What shall be the religion of the future? That is something for the present race to determine. The intolerance, cruelty, misconceptions of God, and persecutions for opinion's sake, of the past, are

all beyond our reach; they have gone into history and can not be changed. With eyes to the front, we should move forward in the pathway of progress, leaving the dead past to bury its dead.

It is a new quirk of skepticism to charge Spiritualists with the fearful crime of removing the fastening to the coal port of the "Queen of the Pacific," thereby causing the vessel to sink, endangering the lives of hundreds of people,—and all this in order to fulfill Mr. Slater's prophecy of disaster to the ship! This is the worst criticism Spiritualism has had to endure; but the idea is entirely too monstrous. It overreaches the mark and falls harmless to the ground.

Chronic fault-finding with the shortcomings of other religious systems is not the way to advance the cause of Spiritualism. We must show to the world that we have something more natural and philosophical than the old religious beliefs—something better to live by—something that, properly directed, calls into livelier action all the innate goodness of the undeveloped nature. Look, ye railers against the church, at the broad charities of the Christian world—its great universities, its vast missionary systems, its splendid churches, its asylums, publishing houses, kindergartens, and other mighty efforts for the uplifting of humanity, and then consider what Spiritualism is doing in like directions! Modesty should make us pause and reflect. In the infancy of this new revelation to the world, ere we have "won our spurs," we should be less aggressive towards other systems, and more zealous to impress upon the thought of the world the merits of our cause.

## PROVIDENCE.

It is pleasant for some persons, and easy too, to believe in a special Providence, when everything is fair and lovely, and the sun of prosperity sheds its golden beams, and flowers bloom along the way. Such is life to many, but such is not life to the majority. Those who study Providence only under the former condition, will get but a partial view or idea of His designs.

When such persons contemplate the surroundings and conditions of those races whose country is the frozen North or the burning sandy desert, they do not recognize a Providence in their lives, but fate, or accident of birth. It is difficult to understand an evil Providence, therefore we never associate it with aught but what we call good. But this is human selfishness, that holds everything to be evil that does not minister to our mental or physical pleasure.

If Providence rules, guides, or dispenses the fortunes of man in one instance, so does it in all. If there be a Providence, it is not blind, but intelligent, all-seeing, all-knowing. It sends the famine, the flood, the earthquake, and the cyclone, and all for good, though man but perceive the evil it presents. We say good, because we do not believe in a partial Providence. Giving fruits, flowers, green fields, and balmy airs to one portion of mankind, may be no better for the everlasting good of the soul, than the calamity that falls upon another portion of the great family, casting them out homeless upon Charity's bosom.

The world sees no Providence in sorrow and suffering, therefore it becomes, in the common estimation, a heartless and arbitrary power, torturing its victims as does a ferocious beast its prey. Man is blinded by self-love, and knows not what is best for him, but Providence does, and deals with him accordingly. Man may de-ride and scorn the idea of being ruled in any way, but he can not escape the power that is moving him to its purposes, and better the cloud than the sunshine.

## THE MODERN FAILURE.

One of the saddest commentaries on the progress of the nineteenth century is the force being employed to suppress the clamor of the starving poor in some of the great cities. Surely, wisdom has not kept pace with man's cunning in over-reaching men. The worldly heart has shriveled under the domination of the head's rule in acquiring possession of that arbitrary medium between demand and supply, to such an undue extent as to cause untold suffering to the masses.

Comes this distress from over-crowding in cities? In the Old World, where the worst features of poverty are presented, is not the country cut up into vast estates, owned by gentlemen of title? In all rural districts, the tenant system prevails, and the families that reside upon and till and care for the estates, hold the positions by virtue of long trust and faithfulness.

Where, then, may go the hundreds of thousands of city poor and destitute? Surely not anywhere beyond England without help. It is but natural that they center in numbers nearest the more probable source of supply, when the wolf of hunger and desperation urges them on to deeds of self-preservation. London presents the most distressing phase of this modern failure of social and political economy, and probably no country is better able to care for its poor than England. She has outstanding colonies that abound in room and resources for her, and were she as willing to look out for her own as she is anxious to acquire new possessions, London would soon distribute her starving poor over her wide colonial acres, and with ample means to wrest from bounteous nature a year's beginning toward a new and better life. Impracticable? Is it less so to let her people starve?

## PERVERSITY.

Human beings having a common origin, should, it would seem, be united in thought and investigation regarding that destiny, or the ending of this primal existence. We say primal, but many do not think it such; they look back to a time and try to rend the veil of obscurity that hides the secrets of a pre-existence. It matters little to them that their present being is a mystery equally inexplicable. Others give their thought to this life, seeking to know its purposes, learn its lessons, and fulfill its mission. Those who find congenial work think they have found their sphere; otherwise, they do not. No one particularly desires to remember that there is ever rough, pioneer work to be done, and that many must take a part or it would never be accomplished, the superstructure of our material civilization never be laid.

So far as it has gone, there are already those who pronounce it a failure, and would tear it all up and begin anew, were they permitted. It is largely this class, dissatisfied with arrangements here, are in deadly opposition to a state of being that is governed by better conditions—an existence for the soul of eternal usefulness and progression.

It is most strange, but never has a growing thought been more bitterly fought than that of immortality for the soul, when accompanied by the idea of the returning to this miserable clod of earth. All conceivable means have been employed to disprove this demonstrated fact, and men will rail like mad when fraud is not found, and still call it a delusion. It appears they would gladly be convinced of the immortality of their miserable bodies, that tie them down to the earth, and forget the boundless fields of space amid the starry worlds that nightly beckon the immortal spirit home.

The breath of life God gave to man it does not seem possible he would wish to forever imprison in so imperfect a form as the temporary fleshly abode called the body. He but appreciates the dross who has never known the gold.

## HE DOES NOT "TRY THE SPIRITS."

The more the opponents of Spiritualism say against it, the more they prove that they know nothing about it, but simply denounce from dogmatic assumption. The Rev. R. Margeson preached last Sunday evening against Spiritualism in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church at San Jose. He based his remarks upon two propositions:—"The certainty that we can not live here always, and the equally emphatic certainty that when we leave this world we shall not return to it again." Mr. Margeson designated our philosophy as a fanatical species of infidelity, having its origin at Hydesville, N. Y., in 1848.

Giving the little Foxes his opinion regarding the rappings, and their designs upon a credulous public, he passed on to the assertion that the imaginations of many people are sufficient to "cause them to see ghosts everywhere."

Knowing the Bible to be full of Spiritualism, he anticipated private thought by quoting some luminous points of Scripture, wherein the dead appeared to the living, but said, "Those visions were intended simply to teach those who saw them the fact of a future state of existence, but that Spiritualists referred to them as evidence of the truth of Spiritualism."

A future state of existence, indeed! May it not be allowed that spirits come back for the same purpose in these latter days? Is not the loneliness and grief caused by death, enough to draw our absent ones earthward, with the sweet hope of giving comfort and the assurance that they are not lost to us, but live to a certainty, never more to die?

The statement that "the pretended communications from departed spirits are always in keeping with the views of the mediums," may be true when the communications are pretensions, and we admit there may be fraudulent messages. But we could direct the gentleman to more than one medium of whom he would find it an impossibility to get his own or the medium's views. He might get those of some dead friend.

## A SORRY COUNTRY.

South America is a much troubled country. It is not out of one difficulty or calamity before another one is upon it. Advice from Ecuador say the heat is insupportable, and scarcely enough water to drink. Vegetation is withering and all crops are lost. Small-pox and fevers are rife, and already their victims are being numbered by thousands. Political and social strife breaks the monotony of the pestilence, and elections are but occasions for sharp shooting and military drill, those candidates receiving the most votes who are supported by the troops. Colombia has gone back a generation in falling under sectarian rule, by virtue of the recent arrangement made in Rome between the representative of Colombia and the Holy See. According thereto, the universities, colleges, and all educational establishments of whatever degree, will hereafter be organized and directed in conformity with the dogmas and teachings of the Roman Catholic religion; it will be one of the obligatory courses of study. The schools of all countries are, or should be, the fountains of mental freedom. When the

civil and social rights of a people are to be curtailed, the first stroke must be laid on the schools from whence the men and women of a generation are gathering mental strength, ideas and principles for a lifetime. When a country surrenders its educational system to the sway of any creed whatsoever, its power for moulding independent character is gone; its nationality is gone; its progress is done, and it becomes an automaton, whose movements are without meaning, or life that is worth the living.

## CLOSE OF MR. COLVILLE'S WORK IN SAN DIEGO.

On Sunday, May 6th, W. J. Colville's engagement in San Diego terminated for the present season. Exercises were held in Louis' Opera House at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M. The attendance was very large on both occasions. In the evening there were very few vacant seats in the spacious auditorium, which holds eight hundred persons. The music was excellent, and the flowers extremely beautiful.

In the afternoon a great variety of questions were handed in writing to the speaker, who answered even the most abstruse among them with the greatest fluency and readiness. They ranged over a very wide territory of subjects, and embraced many an inquiry which has long puzzled the world's greatest thinkers. Many visitors were particularly impressed with the exceeding ease with which all topics alike were treated; and, as the audience included many thinking persons unaccustomed to inspirational speaking, the answers given to questions prepared by themselves fully satisfied them that there was something in inspired oratory quite beyond the limits of ordinary oratorical ability. The phenomenal manner in which the teachings were delivered, as well as the deep intelligence displayed in the replies themselves, certainly constitute a proof of intellectual mediumship as complete as any which can possibly be given.

W. J. Colville is not a student and never has been. This fact establishes the theory of inspiration in his case beyond question, among those who know this to be the case and give due weight to it in their reflections. After the questions had been answered, a poem of considerable length and beauty was delivered impromptu on three subjects given by the audience.

In the evening a very fine and stirring lecture was given on "True Spiritual Resurrection." A competent stenographer in the audience took copious notes, and from his manuscript will prepare a good report for these columns in time for next week's issue. As it is now some time since one of W. J. Colville's lectures has appeared in the GOLDEN GATE, many readers will doubtless look forward with pleasurable anticipation to this forthcoming report, which will be an excellent document to circulate among skeptics and church members equally, as the subject was treated in both its scientific and religious phases, and in a manner to deeply interest the general reader.

After a very fine farewell poem, and a few well chosen words of kindly recognition of the services and appreciation of many friends who have made W. J. Colville's visit to San Diego a great success from every point of view, the large audience slowly and to some extent sorrowfully dispersed.

The classes in Spiritual Science at the Southwest Institute closed Friday, May 4th. They have been remarkably instructive and harmonious.

Concerning the financial aspect of affairs a word is in place. W. J. Colville, acting in accordance with the decided will of the intelligences who inspire his utterances and direct his movements, has adhered to the very moderate rate of \$2.50 for twelve lessons, and single admissions, twenty-five cents. He has also given away over thirty complimentary course tickets. The result has been a full house on all occasions, and a considerable balance on the right side. Though the expense of holding meetings in the Opera House twice each Sunday for five weeks has entailed a large outlay, only ten cents was ever asked for admission; after paying all expenses the speaker was handsomely remunerated out of the surplus funds. W. J. Colville has declared publicly his determination to invariably adhere to moderate charges, and never to refuse free tickets to those unable to pay. People the world over who are intelligent and generous are often far from rich in this world's goods, and while it may be true that many people undervalue what they pay nothing for, in the long run easy charges are every way best. (THE GOLDEN GATE is only five cents a copy.)

W. J. Colville is now actively engaged on a return visit to Los Angeles. His address is, 640 South Hill street.

BEFORE we censure a man for seeming what he is not, we should be sure we know what he is.—CARLYLE.

Were the world but so careful, how different it would be! If it took great pains to study the true inner man, it would find such a task as would leave no time for passing judgment upon the exterior that suits itself to times and occasions, just as instinctively as Nature's children adapt themselves to the changing seasons. We blame a man for not being what we would have him, never thinking that he is nine times in ten just what we have made him by our shallow conception, and ungenerous treatment. If language was designed to conceal our thoughts, our thoughts in turn conceal much more—the revelation of what is tender, warm, gentle, sympathetic and often brilliant and instructive in our fellows. Having given them credit for lacking all this, it is not revealed to us; one ill opinion begets one similar in the misjudged, who cast not their pearls before swine. Thought, though silent, is a most potent force. It molds forms and qualities out of its own character. So let us all think of one as we would have him, not of what he appears to be.

—We have received a new supply of Richmond's "Review of the Seybert Commission's Report." Price, \$1.25; 8 cents extra by mail.

## "SIS" SIMMONS.

It seems that spirits are willing to take offenders on their own ground of belief, in their endeavors to turn them from their evil ways. This appears well illustrated in the weird story that comes from Rockcastle County, Ky., regarding what, in that vicinity, are called mysterious occurrences. A two-story log house is the scene, living in which was one Simmons, his wife, and six children, ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-seven. The second child, familiarly called "Sis," twenty-two years old, is distinguished as the belle of the rough and uncultivated community.

One evening, when the house was filled with merry-makers, "Sis" fainted, which was thought to be a very inconsistent thing for one of her buxom proportions. All usual remedies failed to restore her to consciousness, a doctor was sent for, who was surprised to find the patient's body intensely warm.

Not for three or four days did she begin to recover her senses, but after a week had passed she said that she was well as ever, save that she was nearly blind. She told an incredible story to her companions, to the effect that while she was talking to her friends on the fatal evening, an angel suddenly appeared and called her away. She was told that her sins were so numerous and great that unless she at once repented, eternal punishment would be inflicted; and to convince her she said she was led through the outskirts of hell, which was described as a place not unlike our earth, except that the grass were tongues of fire, the trees but flames in that shape, and the streams were of fire instead of water, and every object a blaze of blistering heat. Then she was taken to the land of light, where she met and talked with many she had known in life, and was promised, on condition of repentance, power to communicate with those friends after recovering from her trance.

Of course, the girl was called insane, but she insisted upon convincing her friends of the truth of her statements, and set a time for that purpose. The father opposed the "darned foolishness," by declaring his intention to send "Sis" to an insane asylum. But the seance came off just the same. At nine o'clock "Sis" suddenly turned pale, and became rigid, when a strong gust of wind swept through the house, accompanied by a flapping of wings, that so terrified all present that they arose to escape, but were commanded in a sweet voice to remain. Soft, indescribable music filled the room. "Sis" repeated name after name of the departed friends of those present, and at each one would appear at her side the spirit, who was at once recognized by the living.

So the wonderful things continued, attracting hundreds, but with little other result than making them dumb with fear. Some say they have seen letters of fire on the wall, predicting great war and a wide spread plague; others say the dead come back to life at "Sis" Simmons's call, and the outcome seems to point to a religious revival, that may end in good to the sin-hardened neighborhood; and best of all, give to the world a most wonderful medium for those phases best designed to attract attention and lead to investigation.

## THE CAMP-MEETING.

It is generally conceded that the arrangements for the State Meeting of Spiritualists that will convene in Oakland on the first Sunday in June are most complete. The intellectual and spiritual attractions will be of a high order, there is not the least cause for discord, and the opinion seems to be general that the attendance will be large, and the results most satisfactory.

While there will no doubt be many Spiritualists present from other portions of the State, we must naturally look to the Spiritualists of San Francisco and Oakland for the attendance that will yield the revenues necessary to meet the heavy outlay to which the managers of the meetings will be subjected. There are in these two cities probably not less than thirty thousand Spiritualists, included interested investigators of our facts. If one-half this number should attend one meeting a week, at one dime each for admission, the treasury would experience a healthy plethora that would tide the Board of Directors over all troubles, and leave a handsome bonus on hand at the close of the meetings.

Hence, we urge all who can attend to be "instant in season," and thereby help to make this a grand rally of our strength. Mrs. Lillie's lectures alone will constitute a "feast of fat things," and Mr. Emerson's texts from the platform, following nearly every lecture, will be worth many times the cost of admission.

Spiritualists should not hold back for the Sunday meetings alone, and then pack the big tent and all approaches thereto. They will find the week day meetings equally interesting and profitable.

Each subscriber to the GOLDEN GATE has already been provided with a program of the meetings furnishing him with all needed information as to speakers, etc. Let this be a grand rally of the spiritual hosts of this Coast.

—A Washington correspondent writes: "Please send to my address one copy of Prof. Wallace's 'lecture,' for which please find enclosed five stamps. I do this at the request of a prominent member of the Methodist church who 'wants it, but is afraid to write himself or have 'it come to his address. He has been an opponent, but I have loaned him my GOLDEN GATE each week, and he has concluded that 'the teachings, as he reads, are different from what he had in his prejudiced mind believed. 'I have been a Spiritualist for some thirty years, 'and while meeting with opposition from all 'my relatives, I have lived to see many of them 'look on the subject somewhat more leniently. 'I am much pleased with your paper. There is 'a greater tolerance of others' views which comes 'from being published in a new world.' The 'Pacific Coast is young and liberal."



## EDITORIAL NOTES.

— "A. Y. E."—Next week.

— "L. M. B."—Stockton.—I hardly think it wise to pursue the subject further. Let him go his way. His loss is infinitely greater than ours.

—The proprietor of that valuable health restorer, known as "Moore's Revealed Remedy," writes: "We get more real good from our 'ad' in your publication than from any newspaper 'advertising' we do."

If our three days of idle dalliance by the seaside, since our last issue, have left any footprints of incompleteness on the editorial page of the GOLDEN GATE for the present week, we are willing to accept your apology, dear reader!

Mrs. A. D. Wiggins will speak for the Union Spiritual Society next Wednesday evening, giving her experience of the passing out of her two children into spirit life—an interesting and remarkable proof of "life after death." 111 Larkin street. Doors open free to all.

—W. R. Colby and daughter gave a public seance at San Jose on Sunday evening last, to a goodly audience. They will give another seance in that city Sunday evening, May 13th. On Wednesday next they will visit Tulare, to remain there a week or ten days.

—Dr. C. C. Peet and wife left yesterday for Denver, Colorado, the failing health of the Doctor compelling him to leave sooner than he anticipated. We had hoped that the kind facts might have so shaped events that his residence here could have been permanent.

—It is a singular comment on our sectarian methods, that in not one of the orphan asylums of this city, supported as they are by Christian charity, assisted by the State, are colored children admitted. The absurdity, nay, downright cruelty, of drawing the color line thus fine, must be apparent to everybody.

—The attention of invalids is called to the advertising card, published in this paper, of Dr. A. B. Dobson, magnetic healer, Maquoketa, Iowa. We have heard most favorable accounts of great healing powers of this physician. His promptness in business matters leads us to conclude that he is equally reliable as a healer.

—That incomparable slate-writer, Mr. Fred Evans, is still astonishing skeptics at his residence, 133 Octavia street. His marvelous mediumship seems to be increasing in power. We would like to have the Seibert Commission to meet Mr. Evans. He has offered to go before them; but they don't seem to be very anxious about having him come.

—Dr. Henry Rogers and wife expect to leave for the East about the middle of June for a few months' absence. They will make their headquarters at Onset Bay, where they have a pretty cottage, and whence they will radiate among the great summer meetings of Spiritualists. They will return in the fall, with a view to making their permanent home in this city.

—Among the lay representation of the General Conference of the M. E. Church, now in session in New York, several ladies presented their credentials for admission, but they were rejected. Our Methodist brethren may have occasion, one of these days, to call on some wealthy sister to assist in supporting the church. If she has less grace than self-respect, she will naturally decline with thanks.

—Hon. Amos Adams, President of the Board of Trustees of the Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company, having fully recovered from his late illness, will leave for the East to-morrow, to be absent three months or longer. He will go direct to Washington, and expects to visit the great camp-meetings of Spiritualists at Onset Bay, Lake Pleasant, and Casagada, during the coming summer.

—A valuable correspondent writes: "I think you are on the right track in the manner of conducting a Spiritualist paper. Especially is this noticeable in your treatment of the subject of frauds in mediumship. While some journals are too severe and others altogether too lax in their attitude toward public mediums, you have ever occupied a middle ground—that in the end secures justice to the greatest number."

—A committee meeting of the Universal Register will be held at 324 Seventeenth street, on Wednesday next (16th) at 8 P. M. It is hoped that many who seek truth with unprejudiced minds will be present to learn about and join in the objects of the movement, which shortly are: "That by union of thought and united meditation and action, we may grow in truth, outgrowing limitations; and, by holding others in truth, help them to overcome their limitations."

**SPIRITUALISM IN SPAIN.**—Bro. C. G. Hellerberg, of Cincinnati, sends the following translation from a French paper, concerning a proposed "Spiritual International Congress in Barcelona," which indicates somewhat the growth and spread of Spiritualism in Catholic Spain: "At the same time as the Universal Exposition, which will take place this year at Barcelona, the Spiritualists are preparing an International Spiritual Congress in that city to be held in the month of coming June. A preparatory congress was held the 26th of February last, when an Executive Commission was appointed, representing 'Spiritualism in Spain, which should prepare the basis for the International Congress. This initial step taken in a country suffering from a clerical yoke more intolerant, and among a people still borne down by the most abject fanaticism, speaks loud of what immense progress Spiritualism has made in Spain. We shall hear the appeal which the Executive Commission will make to the Spiritualists of the world. It is very desirable that our nation should be represented in this International Congress."

**THE WORK IN OAKLAND.**—The Progressive Spiritual Association of Oakland seems to be doing a grand work there. The meetings are well attended, and the people seem eager to investigate our philosophy, as well as the phenomena, and they are trying to satisfy them by giving them food for thought through our mediums. Mrs. Wiggins lectured for them last Sunday evening, after which Mrs. Miller made a short address; Mrs. Seal also passed a few remarks, all of which were very well received. Afterwards Madame De Roth gave tests in psychometry, each of which was acknowledged to be correct. Next Sunday evening Mrs. Cowell, of Oakland, will give a lecture under inspiration, after which our little medium, Lizzie Plimley, by consent of her control, will draw some crayon pictures. This is something she has not done before in a public hall, but we feel sure she will be able to give entire satisfaction to all those who will avail themselves of the opportunity to be present.

**A LONG JOURNEY.**—There is probably no more interesting person than one who has survived the fortunes and vicissitudes of a hundred years; no one who so enthralls our thoughts and reflections as he or she who has passed that mile post on life's journey reached by so few. The past, present and the future alike seem revealed in one whose mind is so stored with earthly events, and whose steps are so near the mystic border line of Time and Eternity. Such a one is Mrs. Azuba Freeman Rider, of Orrington, Me. She was born in Massachusetts in 1784, and has lived in the former place ninety-nine years. At the age of sixteen she was one of the girls who, at the funeral of General Washington, represented the sixteen States of the Union. When she was married, in 1806, she had made her wedding outfit of woolen, cotton, and linen garments, table linen, and bedclothes, and her white linen wedding dress, all from raw material. She is described as still in vigorous health, and has nineteen living grandchildren, thirty-three great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren. We do not suppose this lady deprecates the degeneracy of the times.

**THE OLDEST MACHINE.**—Grand Rapids, Mich., is the seat of an industry inaugurated by women, and is founded and being worked upon first principles, viz., that the human hand is the oldest industrial machine, and yet has rights and privileges that this age of invention must learn to respect. It is two years old and started with a capital of scarcely two thousand dollars. It is the *Sandol Company*, and employs only women and children. It now imports its cambric silk from Italy, and buys its silk thread direct from the factory. All its work is given to those in need, so far as the demand for help goes, and no machinery save the common hand needle is to be found in the establishment. Jan. 1, 1888, showed a net profit on invested capital of more than three hundred per cent. The hours of work are from 8 o'clock A. M. to 4 P. M. This last fact is something to be considered, in that it gives not a little time for home duties, which other factories is quite out of the question. But we should naturally expect that women would be considerate of women, since they alone perfectly understand that the home should be maintained as well as the body.

**THAT SURPLUS.**—Only a year ago, or so, the Government was petitioned to assist the drought-stricken farmers of Texas, but with what result, all know. The indignation had hardly subsided over the "heartless woe," when the surplus in the Texas Treasury began to be discussed. Now, it is said this sum will soon amount to three millions, and the Governor has announced his intention to call an extra session of the Legislature for the purpose of making a disposition of the money. So there must have been enough to have assisted its starving agriculturists at the time Texas made the appeal at Washington. If States are not allowed to thus apply their public funds—to return in time of dire need, so much to the source from which it came, the common people, as shall relieve their present wants, then measures should be taken to that end. Cleveland's motto, that the people are made for the Government, not the Government for the people, is a bad one, and under its rule taxation would in time, of itself, lead to revolution. That which the toilers of the land build up and maintain should be to them a tower of refuge and strength in time of affliction.

## Timely Suggestion.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In the Camp-Meeting circulars I note this paragraph, viz: "It is respectfully and urgently requested that the audience will be seated promptly at the time announced for the various meetings." Allow me to say that the managers will secure the desired promptness if they will *commence the meeting at the hour advertised, sharp, to the minute.* For one I have been thoroughly disgusted at the want of promptness the past two years, for at every meeting that I have attended the meetings have not opened until from ten to thirty minutes past the hour advertised. Begin the services the very first day promptly, and keep it up, and my word for it you will have few laggards after the first few meetings. If the managers will do their duty in this respect, the audience will be compelled to do theirs. W.

**A CUNIVERT'S GHOST.**—The inmates of the Luzerne County Prison were much terrified recently by a report which is being circulated within the inclosure that the ghost of Adam Volkovitch, the executed murderer, had returned and is haunting the cell which he occupied during his imprisonment. A Hungarian prisoner, recently confined in this cell, aroused the inhabitants of the jail recently by his shrieks of terror, and informed the night watchman that Volkovitch had just entered the cell and approached the bed upon which he layed. Owing to the fear caused by the supposed apparition the prisoners beg not to be placed in the haunted cell.

## Mrs. Whitney and Dr. Stansbury in Kansas City.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The Santa Fe route by which we came to Kansas City proved to be very interesting, although devoid of the grander scenic beauty of the more northern routes. The road bed is very smooth, and the car service most excellent.

The boom is not confined to California. The papers here state that three thousand buildings are in course of construction. The utmost activity prevails in all departments of trade and commerce.

Elevated roads and cable lines extend far into the country, and Kansas City covers so much territory that it is difficult for a stranger to tell which postoffice to apply for his mail. Some of our correspondents address us at Kansas City, Missouri, other at Kansas City, Kansas, both of which is correct, but the one who addressed Kansas City, Arkansas, came near not reaching us. Both sides of the river is known as Kansas City; one is in Missouri, the other in Kansas. We have to cross the river for the GOLDEN GATE.

Our fame had preceded us, and we were welcomed by many who had long been waiting for us.

Mrs. Whitney has held two meetings at Music Hall, under the management of the proprietor who had heard of her ability as a platform test medium. The large auditorium was well filled on both occasions. Other theatres were often managed after the first meeting by other managers on most favorable terms, as she proved to be a paying attraction. Mrs. Whitney is better than ever if possible, as her guides have perfect control, and every test is driven home and clinched before it is dropped.

The papers here have given long and very favorable accounts of their meetings. Our parlors are thronged daily with anxious seekers after truth. To-day Mrs. Whitney gave private sittings to thirty persons and both of us have turned many away. It has been so everywhere we have stopped. We are in daily receipt of letters inviting us to places en route, that, if accepted, would take a life-time before our friends on the Pacific Coast would see us again. "Truly, the harvest is white and the laborers are few." Life is short and we have a good way to go. To-morrow we leave for Omaha, where we remain until May 8th, thence to Chicago. DR. D. J. STANSBURY.

## An Appeal for Help.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Knowing that Spiritualists, and all who take an interest in the beautiful truths, are among the kindest and most humane of our race; knowing, also, that it is one of the fundamental principles of our faith to help those in distress, I would like to call the attention of your readers to such a case.

A man, by name of Frank Martin, came to Colorado some months ago and engaged in prospecting, and after having expended all the money he had, he was stricken here, in a strange land and among strangers, with bleeding from the lungs, which weakened him down very much, and he is now comparatively among strangers, and is entirely without means. We, his friends, being unable to help him to any extent, take this means of calling on Spiritualists and charitable people to aid us in providing him with proper treatment, and we desire to secure enough to start him in a small business, which can be done if we all give our mite. He is possessed of no small mediumistic power, as we have had the pleasure of sitting in circles with him where that power was manifest.

That this is a true case of suffering can be attested by Judge M. M. Kellogg, of Rosita, Col., and Gen. S. R. Yeoman, of Crestone, Col. Trusting those charitably inclined will remit through your paper, which we trust will act as treasurer for the good cause, we feel content to leave the matter in the hands of our spirit friends. O. F. DAVIS, M. D. CUTTET.

RUSSELL, Colorado.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

## About Mediums.

I am always gratified when I find among the editorials in the GOLDEN GATE such decided disapprovals of those tantalizing correspondences as are found often in our secular journals, who seem ever determined to crush out Spiritualism in all its forms of manifestations. I have often thought it would be well to shut down upon some persons at home, who are active correspondents in the Spiritualistic ranks, even those who are elected to office and officiate at our spiritual gatherings. When head managers appear to be so openly officious in introducing these subjects of fraud, jugglery, deceit, as is openly insinuated as being practiced, as one would suppose, by a majority of our mediums, warning the public to watch and look out as they might be hoodwinked through some legerdemain in vogue by this class of citizens. We not only hear them speak on these subjects in open conference, but those satires are

soon found in private, and their approval quite unjustifiable and degrading to the cause we Spiritualists are strenuously advocating. Can it be expected those lookers on from the outside world will keep "mum" on these matters while our own people are found agitating in the spiritual ranks? I will refer to another common occurrence, if allowed. When these wonderful phenomena are presented to the public through the press it is customary to, firstly, convince the outside world that "all things were so arranged that there was no possible chance of deception," which, I think, might as well be left out if it comes from an honest person.

As a rule, when you hear an honest person relate his story, he will not prepare it first, or when done say, "Now, if you don't believe me go and inquire of Deacon Marsh; he was present, and knows as much about the case as I do." S. W. JEWETT.

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SAN JOSE, April 5, 1888.

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S. R. JOHNSON.

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## FORM OF REQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the GOLDEN GATE, the following form of request is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

## Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. WILSON'S SLEEPING REMEDY—Always be used when children are out of bed. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whooping cough, and other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

## NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

**SPIRITUAL PHILOSOPHICAL SERVICES AT THE GOLDEN GATE RELIGIOUS AND PHILANTHROPICAL SOCIETY, every Sunday, At 11 A. M. J. J. More, the celebrated inspirational speaker, will announce the subject of the evening, and will lecture in the evening. Children's Lyceum at 12:30 p. m. All services free.**

**PSYCHOLOGY AND SPIRIT PHENOMENA.**—There will be circles for the investigation of spirit phenomena and development of mediums at 375 Tenth street, Oakland, every Sunday evening, at 8 o'clock. Pupil may be psychological, the quickest way of development. Admission, 25 cents.

**Gnostic Society—PRESIDENTS, PROFESSOR and Mrs. Chas. E. Room 17, Flood Building, corner Fourth and Market. Sunday meetings, at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Lectures by the Presidents, and other members of the Society. All invited. Society meeting, first Tuesday of each month.**

**METAPHYSICAL COLLEGE, At 206 McALLISTER street, Sunday evening, April 29th, at 8 o'clock. Mrs. Josephine R. Wilson. Subject: "Metaphysical Healing—Giving the Subject of Being, or the Rock on which we Build." All invited. Collection.**

**SOCIETY OF PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS meet Sunday at 1 P. M., Washington Hall, 31 Eddy st. Free Spiritual Library of 700 volumes, open every Sunday from 5 to 5:30 p. m. All are invited. Admission to tents.**

**UNION SPIRITUAL MEETING EVERY WEDNESDAY evening, at St. Andrew's Hall, No. 1, Larkin street. Interesting addresses, followed by tests by the mediums. Admission, free.**

**FIRST PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION of Oakland, meets every Sunday at Fraternity Hall, corner of Seventh and Perilla streets. Meetings at 3 and 7:30 p. m.**

**THE SOCIETY FOR THEOSOPHICAL RESEARCH meets regularly every Sunday evening at 8 o'clock, at 157 1/2 Market street. Free library and free admission.**

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[TITLE PAGE.]

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DR. CHAS. ROWELL.

OFFICE—426 Kearny Street, San Francisco.



(Written for the Golden Gate.)

## Jesus Christ—A Theory.

BY DR. JOHN ALLYN.

Since writing the following I have hesitated as to the propriety of publishing it, realizing that many church people will look upon it as a sacrilegious lowering of the primal doctrine on which the church has been built up through the ages. On further reflection it was seen that their doctrine is impossible, being absurd, while the following idea is plausible, not to say probable. On the other hand, materialists will be equally shocked to have a nature attributed to Jesus, essentially above that of ordinary humanity.

Many good and progressive people will say it is an idle waste of effort to promulgate a theory that can not be proved. As to, this, perhaps our methods of proof need revision. Material matters are governed by physical laws; the physical organisms of animal life by physiological laws so far as these are unmixed with psychical laws. But this is never the case, and as we are but partially acquainted with the subtle laws of the psychic world with which we are surrounded, it is hard to say what may or may not be proved in the future; and as progressive people are prepared to think, weigh, and judge for themselves, it is safe to present the following theory of the character and mission of Jesus:

It may be assumed that in spirit life, when the nutritive functions no longer exist as now, and it is unnecessary to build railroads and houses, and to improve the face of nature in order to produce necessary food, there will be no occupation that will give zest to existence, and prevent it from becoming flat, stale, and unprofitable, but to engage in benevolent work. And that for this work associations are formed and far-reaching plans laid. As we look out in a clear night we see that this globe is not an isolated world, but is one of countless thousands. It is fair to presume that among these there are thousands in the full maturity of the human bearing period, that some are coming on, and that others have passed that stage and become dead worlds, no longer capable of sustaining human life.

These various stages of development afford exalted spirits who can pass from world to world, as easy as we pass from city to city, an opportunity to study the best available means of assisting the development of humanity while groping in darkness and grappling with the obstructions of crude material conditions, and unable to reason clearly from cause to effect. They must have learned by many efforts through countless ages to do this in the best manner that circumstances would permit. Written or printed precepts were not sufficient, but they must be enforced by the living presence of one who could not only utter moral precepts quite above the comprehension of average people, but also live out these principles before them; one also who could give additional force to these precepts by being able to do benevolent works wholly beyond the power of ordinary mortals. Who could do this so effectively as one who, in a previous existence,—perhaps on some other planet—had, by the slow law of progression, reached a higher development where these moral principles [are as real and as familiar as the multiplication table is to us.

At length it was decided in the Board of Commissioners, for missions to incipient worlds, that the time had arrived when it was important to send a delegate to teach a higher and more spiritual morality for a portion of earth's inhabitants, and enforce the teaching by example and exhibition of superhuman power in healing the various diseases of the body. It was clear to all that Jesus was the one to undertake this onerous and important mission. This He consented to do in full view of the treatment He would receive in going on an errand of mercy among a people on a lower plane of moral and intellectual unfoldment; for exalted spirits can clearly discern the future, even to details, in a given case. He knew that His character would be misapprehended, His motive impugned, and that He would be tried and executed as a malefactor by the ruling authority; he also knew that the people would accept Him as the Messiah, and deify Him as God, and that in after ages ecclesiastics, high in the church, would wrangle over the incomprehensible idea of His being co-equal with the Father and yet His Son.

No one acquainted with history can doubt the great effect that the belief that such exalted moral and spiritual teaching came from a divine personage, has had in softening, purifying, and elevating the barbarous peoples of Europe as they have slowly emerged from barbarism to the present very imperfect civilization. If the people had been fully able to appreciate the philosophy of Socrates, the literature of Goethe, the Unitarianism of Emerson and Parker, such a mission would not have been needed. But such was not the case, and is not likely to be for ages to come.

If you grant the doctrine of re-incarnation—a doctrine that has been believed in by millions of intelligent people for ages, and is now gaining ground rapidly by thinking people in our own country—there is nothing in the above theory that is not natural and plausible; for if that

doctrine is true, an association of exalted spirits could as easily control conditions so as to work out beneficent results as we can improve our poultry and domestic animals.

## An Evening with the Spirits.

(From the San Diego Bee.)

Louis' Opera House was densely packed on Sunday night to witness a spiritual seance conducted by Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of San Francisco. The curtain arose at 8 o'clock, when the services commenced with singing, led by Mr. Melville, Mrs. Melville presiding at the piano, and the whole congregation joined in the singing of Theodore Parker's favorite hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee." At the close of the hymn, Dr. Taylor appeared on the stage, followed by the distinguished medium for the occasion. In introducing Mrs. Whitney, Dr. Taylor said:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I have the pleasure of introducing to you this evening one of the most distinguished platform test mediums in the world. Some of you may not understand just what is meant by the term 'test medium.' The word medium, literally, signifies to stand between; a person or thing occupying a position between two other persons or things, and serving as a means of communication between them. Spiritual mediumship is as old as the nations, and as universal. The history of the tribes of earth is, in one sense, a history of intercommunication between the so-called dead and the living. It was through the mediumship of that beautiful woman of Endor, ostracised on account of her natural endowments, that the prophet Samuel, who had been dead and buried two years and a half, was enabled to appear to Saul, the tall, proud, and haughty king of Israel, and make known things which should shortly come to pass. It was through the mediumship of Jesus, who was called the Christ, that Moses and Elias were enabled to appear at a dark seance on Mount Tabor. Moses had been gone from the camps of Israel 1,500 years and Elijah from the field of prophecy 900 years, yet after the lapse of these long years those two denizens of the spirit world 'appeared to Peter, James, and John,' through the materialization mediumship of Jesus of Nazareth.

"I now have the pleasure of introducing one of like natural endowments, with this difference: Mrs. Whitney, while in a state of profound entrancement will see for you and hear for you what your dim eyes and dull ears fail to see and hear, and will describe the appearance and give the names of your friends whose mortal remains you have lain away in the silence of the grave, but whose immortal spiritual natures are still intact and present with you in this audience.

"Mrs. Whitney, in her capacity as a medium, has brought comfort and joy to a greater number of poor, disconsolate mortals in their afflictions and bereavements, than perhaps, any living medium of the same age, and I hope that the same will be brought to many in this large audience this evening. Let me now introduce you to Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of San Francisco."

The introduction of the gifted lady by the well-chosen remarks of Dr. Taylor was followed by a hearty and prolonged applause by the audience, after which Mrs. Whitney stepped to the front of the stage and said:

"Dr. Taylor, Ladies and Gentlemen:—It affords me great pleasure to meet you this evening. It is my first visit to your beautiful city. I have recently been to Los Angeles and other cities in Southern California, but I think San Diego is by all odds the most delightful." [Applause.]

Mrs. Whitney then related the story of her great sorrow in the sudden death of her only son, who was instantly killed by a railroad accident, and who, after five months of untold agony to the mother's heart, appeared to her, first, as he was when the body was placed in the coffin, in all its terribly mangled condition, but soon after as a beautiful and glorified spirit, bringing with him his infant sister. It was a question with Mrs. Whitney as to whether she was not losing her mind. She called her family physician to examine her brain. He told her there was no sign of insanity, and told her to consult a medium, which advice surprised and disgusted her very much, they both being members of the Presbyterian church. She did not follow the advice of her physician, as unsought and undreamed of on her part, mediumship of a marvelous character was developed in her own person, and she was thrust out in the world as an ordained minister of this everlasting gospel.

After closing the interesting narrative, she went into a state of entrancement, and for three-quarters of an hour gave test after test of her wonderful powers as "a discerner of spirits." Over one hundred names were given and brief messages delivered in quick and rapid succession, all of which were recognized except three. The occasion was a grand success, and full of interest to all present.

"A PASSENGER on a Missouri train," reflectively observes a Western contemporary, "was shot at by a citizen and saved by a plug of tobacco which stopped the bullet. Still there are people who will insist on using fine cut. What good would a wad of fine cut in the vest pocket do while passing through Missouri?"

## Asking Amiss.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have often remarked that I never met with two persons whose mediumship was alike, and I can truthfully say I have never seen two persons who will approach a medium alike. In order to get good manifestation much depends upon how you approach a medium. I know a lady who says she can never get any test satisfactory to her. The other day she informed me that she had called on Mrs. Bruce (our Oregon slate-writing medium), and, of course, got nothing, so to speak, and why? Because she asked amiss. She went there with her mind made up that she should get a communication from her mother, and that in test of its being her mother, the name should be given in full, the date of her death, her exact age, and so on to the end of the list; and not getting just what she asked for, became distrustful, and thus barred the doors for further communications; and yet she believes Mrs. Bruce to be a genuine medium.

I have never met Mrs. Bruce, but from what others tell me she is a most excellent slate-writing medium. Should I be favored with a sitting with this lady I should ask no tests, nor make any demands upon her that would be calculated to render her positive or inharmonious; but should try to feel harmonious myself, and if possible have her in the same conditions and trust to what should follow for test, if I should get any, and I feel certain I should, for I seldom miss it. If you feel satisfied that the writing on the slate is not done by the medium, but by the invisibles, then little else will occur to prevent you getting all the messages you ask for. Should I meet Mrs. Bruce, and be favored with a sitting, I think I shall be able then to write you something more interesting.

C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, April 26, 1888.

The discovery of what is true and the practice of that which is good are the two most important objects of philosophy.—*Voltaire.*

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